

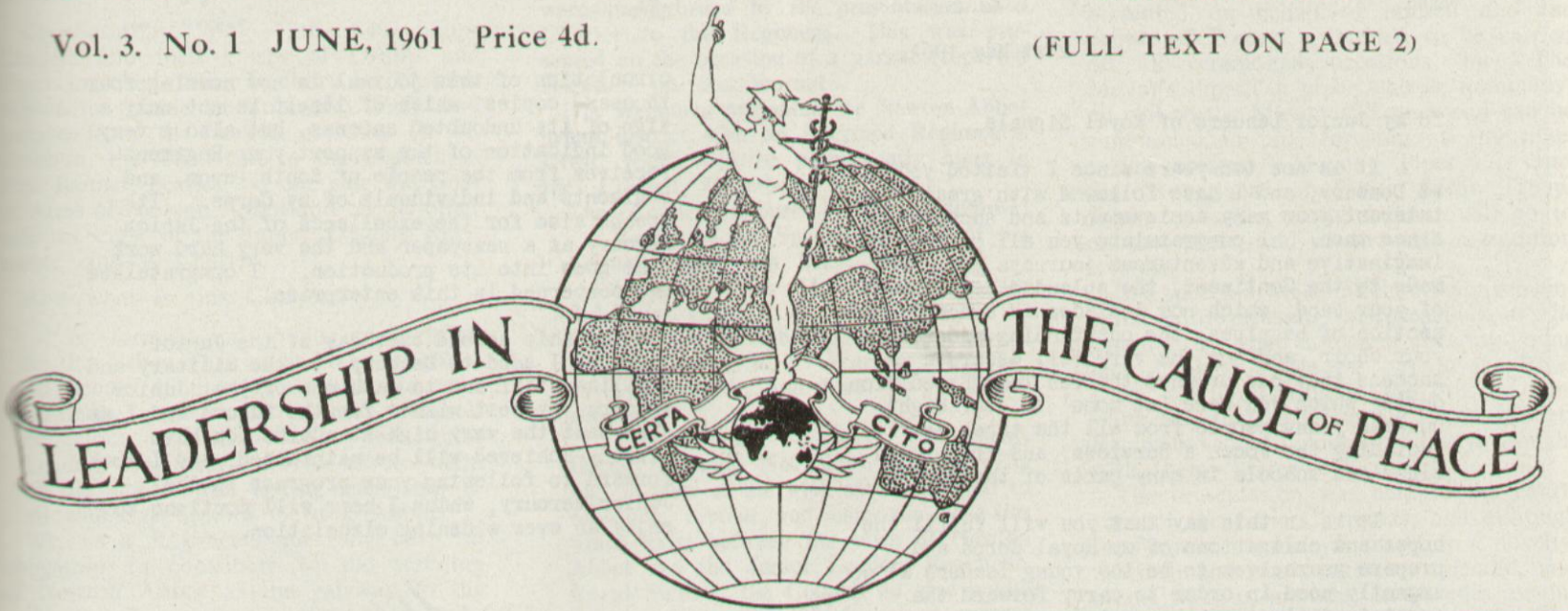
JUNIOR MERCURY

Vol. 3. No. 1 JUNE, 1961 Price 4d.



THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S ANNIVERSARY MESSAGE

(FULL TEXT ON PAGE 2)





ST. JAMES'S PALACE,
S. W. 1.
WHITEHALL 1422.

21st May 1961.

To my Junior Leaders of Royal Signals,

It is now two years since I visited you all at Denbury, and I have followed with great interest your many achievements and successes since then. I congratulate you all on the imaginative and adventurous journeys you have made to the Continent, the splendid development of your band, which now includes an accomplished section of bagpipes, the outstanding progress of your choir, and now the very well deserved success that has crowned the Ten Tors Expedition, during which you were 'at home' to over eight hundred young people from all the three Services, including the Women's Services, and from youth clubs and schools in many parts of the country.

It is in this way that you will fulfil the hopes and obligations of my Royal Corps and prepare yourselves to be the young leaders we so urgently need in order to carry forward the great traditions of the past.

I read of your various exploits and plans in the Junior Mercury, and I am very happy to receive a copy each month. I understand that

/



ST. JAMES'S PALACE,
S. W. 1.
WHITEHALL 1422.

circulation of this journal is now nearing four thousand copies, which of itself is not only a sign of its undoubted success, but also a very good indication of the support your Regiment receives from the people of South Devon, and regiments and individuals of my Corps. It speaks also for the excellence of the Junior Mercury as a newspaper and the very hard work that goes into its production. I congratulate all concerned in this enterprise.

On this second birthday of the Junior Mercury, I send to Denbury, to the military and civilian staff and to each one of you, Junior Leaders, my best wishes for the future and I am sure that the very high standards you have already achieved will be maintained, and I look forward to following your progress in the Junior Mercury, which I hope will continue to enjoy an ever widening circulation.

Colonel-in-Chief.

EDITORIAL

We've a lyrical colonel, who
Often rhymes for our journal, too.
But the Editor's woes were always in prose,
So our styles are reversed now, for you.

It's the birthday of our Mercury,
The second we've had. Goodness me!
The sweat and the cheers, was it really two years?
Let's go back for a while and we'll see.

Seven-fifty the first issue sold,
But the efforts and ideas and mould
Of our Junior Leaders, have increased our readers
To nearly four thousand all told.

And what did our first copies tell,
Of the many events that befell?
Well, Her Royal Highness came, and called us
by name—
Not just Boys, but Leaders as well.

Balaclavas were next to appear,
And Regiments distant and near,
Adopted our Troops, and gave names to these groups,
Such as Bruno, Francisca, White Spear.

Now adventures and challenges rise.
The Cobb Trophy comes as a prize.
Bikes and Boats go to sea, not one country but Three,
And we catch the Nijmegeners' eyes.

Some Norwegians come over to stay.
"What's this Ten Tors?" we hear people say.
We've a Farm and a Tie, and Troop Pigeons to fly,
And Moor Rules that we've got to obey.

Volume Two. And now what do we find?
Recruiting. It's falling behind.
In Denbury it's not. You should see what we've got,
And our Parents are of the same mind.

To Nijmegen again. But complete,
There are Trumpets and Drums on the street.
The Loudest are we, and the **Proudest** are we,
And a damn for those poor aching feet.

We've had many Parades in the past,
And Functions and Shows that were classed,
With the best in the land. Now we're even more grand,
For the band is in Scarlet at last.

New Hair Styles are walking around,
The conquerors of Ten Tors are crowned.
No passer-by should, no Litter-Bug would,
Let rubbish be found on the ground.

Our Choir has sung for the Queen.
What a memorable day this has been.
In the Royal Albert Hall, the red petals fall,
From the boys not a movement is seen.

Patrolmen have hat Discs to clip,
The Squadrons with names we equip,
Alexander and Slim, and not merely a whim,
But examples of true Leadership.

We converse with the Wire for a while,
Denbury Cross is presented in style.
In Norway we see, it's not easy to ski,
But the Pipes make those Norwegians smile.

The Soccer Team got very near,
The Rugby Cup twice came back here.
The Cadre team smiles, they're the Champions
for miles.

We're all set for a Denbury Year.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

What's the pleasantest task we are set?
Thanking those whose assistance we get.
First the Readers who buy us, and never deny us
Their interest. We owe You a debt.

Shopkeepers and Traders around,
Are other good friends we have found.
It's the adverts they give, that help us to live.
We thank You. May business abound.

Now the staff who have helped us succeed,
The cartoonists and artists we need,
Mr. Tysoe for one, Sergeant Martin and Plumb,
Captain Bowyer. We thank you indeed.

"THIS IS A PROUD DAY . . ."

Twice in five days the Regiment showed its paces to the world outside, and on each occasion became yet more closely bound to that world.

On Saturday, May 12th, 240 Junior Leaders and their Corps of Drums and Pipes marched from Denbury to Newton Abbot to parade in Courtenay Park and receive from the hands of Cllr. H. H. Gribbon, the Chairman of the Council, a Pipe Banner, bearing on one side the Coat of Arms of Newton Abbot and on the other side the crest of the Junior Leaders Regiment; and a Charter.

And what is this Charter?

"A formal and public declaration by the Urban District of Newton Abbot on behalf of the townspeople, to acknowledge and approve the presence, behaviour, and efficiency of the Junior Leaders Regiment, and to assure them of the sincere and lasting friendship of all who live around Newton Abbot."

We, as a Regiment, not only have an obligation to contribute to the standing of Newton Abbot as the gateway to the south-west, but also each of us as an individual and a citizen of South Devon, is answerable for his deeds to the civic representatives of the community.

WHERE'S THE CATCH ?

What can be the meaning of the new combination of colours adorning the shoulders of WO. I. Taylor? Maroon and blue!

Simple enough, really. WO. I. Taylor has been adopted by Javelin Troop as an honorary member . . . "For outstanding services and devotion to duty during the Ten Tors period."

"Does this mean that I come under Sgt.-Maj. Hopson and WO. II. Wheatley?" he asked.

"Yes, and Sgt. Batten too," was the reply.

Can we expect to see a fresh pair of hands behind the serving counter of the cookhouse, or perhaps a very senior C.O.'s orderly in the near future? Mr. Taylor won't say.

THE CHARTER

The links between Newton Abbot and the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, were strengthened by the presentation of a Charter to the Regiment. This was presented on the occasion of a parade (reported elsewhere in this journal).

The Regiment presented the Newton Abbot urban district with an inscribed Regimental Crest, which will be permanently hung in the Council Chamber.

The Council minutes read as follows:

"Report of the Special Meeting of the Council, dated 5th May, 1961.

"Present: Cllr. H. H. Gribbon (in the chair), Cllrs. A. G. Bearne, A. H. W. Edworthy, N. P. Roberts, A. C. Shobbrook, L. C. Tapper, A. E. Warren, Mrs. M. E. N. Ehrhardt, and Mrs. F. N. Humpherson.

"1321.—Junior Leaders Regiment, Debury (Minute No. 1200). RESOLVED that in view of the wish of the Council to recognize, cement, and foster the close ties which exist between the town of Newton Abbot and the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, the Council do give public acknowledgment of this fact, and express the sincere desire that the good which emanates from this link will flourish and continue to exist for many years hence, and that the Junior Leaders will feel a surge of well-being and pride when they are within the boundaries of this urban district, and as an outward and tangible sign of this association, and the friendship radiating therefrom, the Chairman of the Council presents a Pipe Banner to the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, with the hope that it will be carried on all appropriate occasions. Further, that a sealed copy of the resolution be presented to the Regiment, and the Clerk ascertain whether a copy of the resolution could be inscribed on vellum."

COMPLIMENTARY SEATS

The Charter and Pipe Banner Presentation Parades in both Newton Abbot and Totnes had been mentioned. A Junior Leader enquired what this meant exactly.

A patient squadron sergeant-major began to explain that the Regiment might be able to march through the streets of these towns with bayonets fixed—"Freedom of the city, in fact."

Light dawned on the puzzled face, and a smile broke through as he posed the artless question: "Does this mean that we can go to the pictures free?"

"AND ONE LONG TO BE REMEMBERED"

On Wednesday, 17th May, the Regiment was represented by the Corps of Drums and Pipes and 180 Junior Leaders, when the Mayor of Totnes, Mr. K. E. Evans, presented on behalf of himself and the people of Totnes, a Banner, to be carried on all ceremonial occasions by "The Mayor's Piper," a piper who is, nominally, on call to the Mayor of Totnes and can be summoned to pipe for him at any time.

The present "Mayor's Piper" is Jnr. Sig. Robertson, of White Spear Troop. When he leaves us the honour will go to another piper, and so on; and a tradition is born.

In a speech of welcome the Mayor remembered with pleasure the occasions of the canoe races, when hordes of cheering young men "joined battle on our lovely River Dart," and, referring to the brilliant sunshine, said that whenever the Junior Leaders Regiment visited Totnes, they always brought with them "Greg's Weather."

The presentation was held in the courtyard of the Civic Chambers, and although the form of parade was therefore a novelty, the drill and marching were splendid, and events went as smoothly as parades on our regimental square.

OH, PADRE !

It seems that the padre was caught napping in Newton Abbot last week when, on returning to his car, he found the vehicle adorned with notices proclaiming that it was a no-waiting area, the tyres were worn, and the tax was in desperate need of renewing.

Apparently the "Law" had paid a visit. However, all ended happily when the "Law" produced itself, in the person of Maj. Rothwell.

The event had an interesting sequel when, the following day, "Paddy" was genuinely "pinched" for parking at a "zebra" crossing. It seems that Maj. Rothwell missed that one!

MIRACLES NEVER CEASE

On the occasion of the Individual and Inter-Squadron Athletics meeting, there were smiles all round. Sgt. Jamieson, our Technical Sergeant, had come up with a winner—a public address system that never faltered throughout the afternoon.

Squadron Whips were able to get hold of the competitors with ease; and Capt. Rowe's "BBC/Oxford/Irish" accent resounded round the field.

RAY'S CAFE SEATING 100

191, QUEEN STREET. Tel. Newton Abbot 127

RAY'S CAFE OFFERS TO DENBURY CAMP:

DRINKS.—Large Cup of Tea, 3d.; Cup of Coffee, 6d.; Mineral Waters, 6d.

GRILLS.—Egg, Beans and Chips, 1/6; Sausage, Beans and Chips, 2/-; Sausage, Peas and Mash, 2/-; Sausage, Egg, Beans and Chips, 2/6; Bacon, Egg, Beans and Chips, 2/6; Steak and Kidney, Peas and Chips, 2/6.

SNACKS.—Beans on Toast, 1/3; Egg on Toast, 1/3; Spaghetti on Toast, 1/3; Welsh Rarebit, 1/3. Bacon, Egg, or Sausage Sandwiches, 1/-.

Our Speciality, "Ted-y-Oggys," 9d.

ARTHUR BALL

Confectioner, Tobacconist and Stationer

CHOCOLATES AND CONFECTIONERY BY ALL THE LEADING MANUFACTURERS

**TRY OUR DEVONSHIRE WHIPPED ICE CREAM
DEVONSHIRE CLOTTED CREAM SENT BY POST**

Open Weekdays 7.15 a.m. to 8 p.m.; Sundays 9 a.m. to 6.30

JOIN OUR CHRISTMAS CLUB

**80, QUEEN STREET, NEWTON ABBOT
DEVON**

Telephone 2188

"X"-PEDITION

The fateful morn had dawned. "X" pinched himself yet again in a vain effort to prove that fact was fantasy, and this was nothing more than a particularly horrific nightmare.

But no. The pack on his back was real enough; so was the compass digging in his chest.

"X" adjusted the cravat about his throat. Sure enough, he was on Ten Tors.

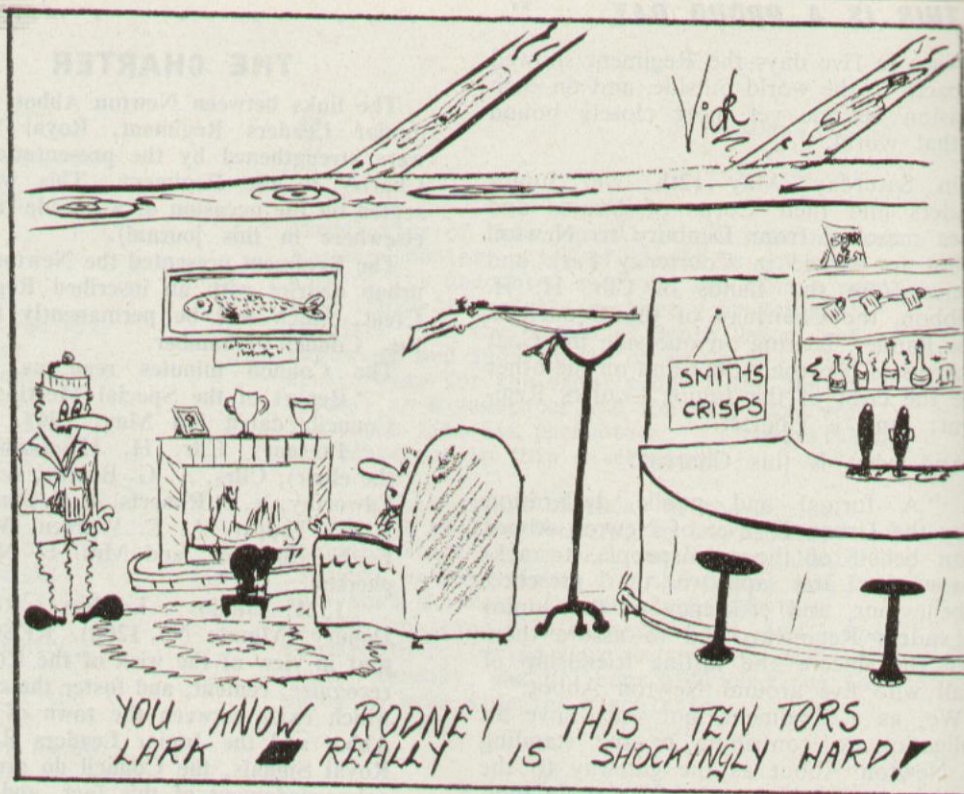
Desperately seeking an ally to share his grief, "X" proffered a sadly-battered Woodbine to his troop sergeant, who declined with as much grace as one could muster at six o'clock in the morning.

The troop officer now appeared, looking for all the world as if he had just emerged from bed and driven up from camp. This, of course, was perfectly true. "Best of luck, lads," said the 'Commando' in the jovial tones assumed by officers when talking to condemned men. Inwardly "X" groaned. The first creeping nausea of despair was already jogging his none too agile brain.

Two of the patrol began to sing. It wasn't exactly in the Top Twenty, but the chorus was loud and simple enough. Unfortunately, "X" joined in and added to the general misery of the affair.

Looking back, "X" remembered little of the journey. Only a "living hell," staggering behind the rest of the patrol, tripping over every second tuft of grass, and demanding a smoke-break every three yards. "X" was hauled savagely along by the remainder of the patrol, complaining bitterly of the luck that had introduced him to such an unsympathetic "shower."

The fifth and sixth Tors were just a blur for "X" who, with Oriental fatalism, allowed his mind to become void of all feeling (which was not a very difficult job), and concentrated on the task of putting one foot in front of the other.



His troop officer waited for the patrol to come in on the ninth Tor. Happily he counted them as they came in.

"One, two three . . ."; the bedraggled figures crawled valiantly on. "Five, six, seven." SEVEN! Impossible; count again. Yes, sure enough, there were seven. He focussed his binoculars on the seventh man, a peculiar figure who was completely enveloped in balaclava and groundsheet, and a shadow of alarm spread across his harassed features.

No, it couldn't be; not on Ten Tors. It did have a rather similar appearance, didn't it. It was. No, not *that* on Ten Tors.

"Hello, sir," whispered the apparition. "'X,' you're not supposed to be here, you've been marked absent, you've . . . But what keenness, running off to join the patrol."

All this was too much for "X" to assimilate in one swallow, and he fell, a crumpled heap, to the ground.



Off-duty smartness

Gieves have been making uniforms from Wellington's day onwards. But here's proof that we know a thing or two about clothes for off-duty wear. The illustration shows a single breasted blazer in serge or hopsack with cavalry twill trousers

Gieves
LIMITED



66 MUTLEY PLAIN - PLYMOUTH

Telephone 65497

Official Outfitters to the Regiment for Regimental Undress

TEN TORS
1961

THE TEN TORS

“Ten Tors”—an idea conceived by members of the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, on a cold November night in 1959—first came to fruition in September, 1960, when Maj.-Gen. J. H. Cubbon, C.B.E., started 203 young men off from Hay Tor for a 55-mile walk.

The 1961 course, covering a different Ten Tors (1960: Thornworthy Tor, Hound Tor, Oke Tor, Yes Tor, Lints Tor, Hare Tor, Cranmere Pool, Fur Tor, Stannon Tor, and Yar Tor) included Lints Tor, Fur Tor, Lynch Tor, Devils Tor, Rough Tor, Sittaford Tor, Higher White Tor, Great Mis Tor, Calves Lake Tor, Fox Tor, Bench Tor, Gutter Tor, and Hen Tor.

“There are more than Ten Tors there! Why?” Because in 1961 there were teams of young ladies, teams of juniors as well as the senior teams included. In fact, in 1961, 936 men and women were let loose on Dartmoor.



Cllr. H.W. Brockway, J.P., Lt.-Col. L. H. M. Gregory, M.B.E., Maj.-Gen J. H. Cubbon, C.B.E.
Republished by courtesy of Herald Express

ACHIEVEMENT

Looked at in simple terms, this means that just over 53 per cent of the patrols entered were successful, and just over 61 per cent of the entrants completed the course in the time.

These figures show that the course was a hard one, but not too hard. It means that those who received a medal and certificate can hold their heads high, as having successfully passed an exacting test. They earned their reward by hours of hard slogging across Britain's loveliest landscape—where young leaders are bred, and where stamina and determination are at a premium.

The statistical record of the 1961 Ten Tors reads as follows (N.B.—There are six to a patrol) :—

	Patrols entered	Patrols completed	Individual certificates
Girls	11	8	3
Boys (under 16)	16	9	9
Seniors (Civilian)	32	16	10
„ (Royal Navy, Royal Marines)	8	7	1
„ (J.L. Units and A. Apprentices)	35	14	19
„ (Army and T.A.)	15	3	5
„ (R.A.F.)	19	14	8
„ (J.L. Regiment, R. Signals)	20	12	15
TOTAL	156	83	70

“THINK ON THESE WORDS!”

“This day is called the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours.

And say tomorrow is Saint Crispian;
Then he will strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say these wounds I had on Crispian's day,
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day!”

Shakespeare: Henry V.



Tel.
Ipplepen 389



One advantage for Denbury is its
proximity to

DAVID SCRASE Ltd.

RED POST GARAGE
NEAR TOTNES

All Motor and
Agricultural Repairs

Welding, Cellulosing, etc.

Collection and Delivery

Service Specialists

Telephone 380

**IPPLEPEN BAKERY
AND
GROCERY STORE**

Props.: M. E. JENSEN, N. G. MORRIS

THE SQUARE, IPPLEPEN

★

● HIGH-CLASS BREAD AND
CONFECTIONERY MADE IN
OUR OWN BAKERY

A STIFF TEST

By J/Cpl. WILLIAMSON (White Swan Troop)

Starting off in the usual high spirits, our patrol from White Swan Troop made its way along the road in the direction of Post-bridge together with other patrols. The great thing was that the patrols were the same age as ourselves, and were sharing the hardships that we knew had to come.

On reaching our first checkpoint, which was Higher White Tor, we felt glad we were at last started on the moor. Finding Sittaford Tor was pretty easy and, having checked in, we had an Oxo cube, which was all the food we were carrying, except for a few sandwiches. The reason why we did this was because tinned food was too heavy, and also because the body can go without food, or just barely enough to get along.

Lints Tor was next. That was murder—up and down, bog and river, and, to



A Well Earned Rest

by Sgt. Martin

crowd it all, we very nearly got lost. Luckily for us, George Nuttal and I were on the last Ten Tors and remembered it very well when we saw it in the distance.

Four down, six to go, and we were dead beat; but we knew if we didn't get to Great Mis Tor we would have "had it." Funnily enough, I can't remember going through Fur Tor and Great Mis Tor, but I can remember the climb to the top of them.

That night we bedded down on Little Mis Tor and were soon asleep. About five o'clock we were rudely awakened by a couple of cooing pigeons. Breakfast, and we were off.

Gutter Tor was a fair whack, but we got there after a struggle. Hen Tor was pretty



The Gentle Sex

by Sgt. Martin

easy except for the heat. We stayed at Hen Tor for a while to eat the last of our sandwiches and Oxos, as it was a long trek to the last Tor, which was Bench. We just started a steady pace and kept it; we dared not stop because we would have seized up. By this time we were starting to feel the strain really badly. With sweat streaming down our faces we reached Ryders Hill and saw a good sight for sore feet—the last checkpoint. As our spirits rose so did our pace. Blisters, cramp, hunger, and thirst all forgotten in one last attempt to get home.

After the last Tor we did the road march to Hexworthy. I don't know where we found the energy, but when the finish came we nearly doubled. The pipes marched us in. What a beginning to a wonderful end.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Cpl. Williamson's patrol was led by J/Sgt. Fill, and the other members were J/Cpl. Nuttal, J/L/Cpls. Rivett and McKenzie, and J/Sig. Dickie.



Keep Right On

by Sgt. Martin

FOR ALL YOUR REQUIREMENTS

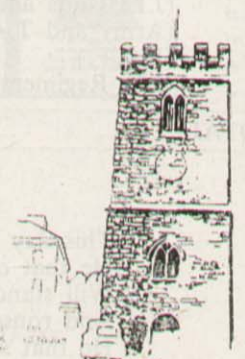
FROM A

CHEMIST

GO TO:

J. E. STILING LTD.

4 COURTENAY STREET - NEWTON ABBOT



DETERMINATION and "GUTS"

by J/Sig McKAY (White Spear Troop)



Near the Top

by Sgt. Martin

A few strains on the bagpipes was the first unnatural sound to be heard in "Ten Tors Village" on the morning of the start of the Ten Tors Expedition across Dartmoor. The time was 0430 hours; the weather, it was too early to say. All patrols which were camped in "Ten Tors Village" had by 0630 to be washed, have had breakfast, and be packed ready to move to the drill square, from where they would be transported to the start.

The start, which was at Hay Tor, was decorated with rows and rows of flags of all shapes and sizes. After the visiting General, Maj.-Gen. Cubbon, had finished his speech, the padre said a short prayer, after which the Expedition got under way. For the first few miles everybody was in high spirits, but after about ten miles the tendency to sing grew less and less. It was about then that the patrols began to see the seriousness of the Expedition, and to settle down to a steady pace.



To The End of the Road

by Sgt. Martin

The real test was in covering the first two or three Tors. In doing these Tors, people with and without the lack of determination and stamina were separated. Throughout the Expedition, strict rationing of food had to be enforced within each patrol. The aim of each patrol was to carry as little as possible in the way of food, equipment, and spare clothing.

All patrols were forbidden to march between the hours of 8 p.m. Saturday evening and 6 a.m. Sunday morning. This meant that each male patrol had to find a suitable place to spend the night by 8 p.m. on Saturday, and the female patrols had to be at a permanent camp site which had



Not Far Now, Lads

by Sgt. Martin

been erected beforehand, by the same time.

Most male patrols spent the night either at Lynch Tor or Great Mis Tor. On the final day, most patrols were up at the crack of dawn, eager to get started and to finish the few remaining Tors.

The finish, at Hexworthy, was even more gaily decorated than the start. On arrival, each patrol was given a hot meal and directed to waiting transport which took them back to Denbury and "Ten Tors Village."

My advice to anyone wanting to take part in this Expedition: It is not suitable for any person who lacks determination and "guts" to participate.

WHEN IN NEWTON ABBOT
WHY NOT VISIT THE

THE RAILWAY HOTEL

- ★ Freshly-Cut Sandwiches
- ★ Luncheons to Order



ASSURING YOU OF A WARM
WELCOME AT ALL TIMES !

MILKY WAY CAFE

HOT MEALS OR SNACKS
TEAS COFFEE
MINERAL WATERS BISCUITS



Take your choice in picturesque
surroundings



A Selection of Martial Music and
"Pop" Records

125, QUEEN ST., NEWTON ABBOT

Dry Cleaning?

send it to

Craftsman Cleaners Ltd.

2 Union Street
Newton Abbot

126a, Queen Street
1 2 8 6

For: -

48 and 24 hour service direct from
the ONLY DRY CLEANING WORKS
IN Newton Abbot

YOU too can ENJOY your Leave
in a . . .

WESTERN GARAGE

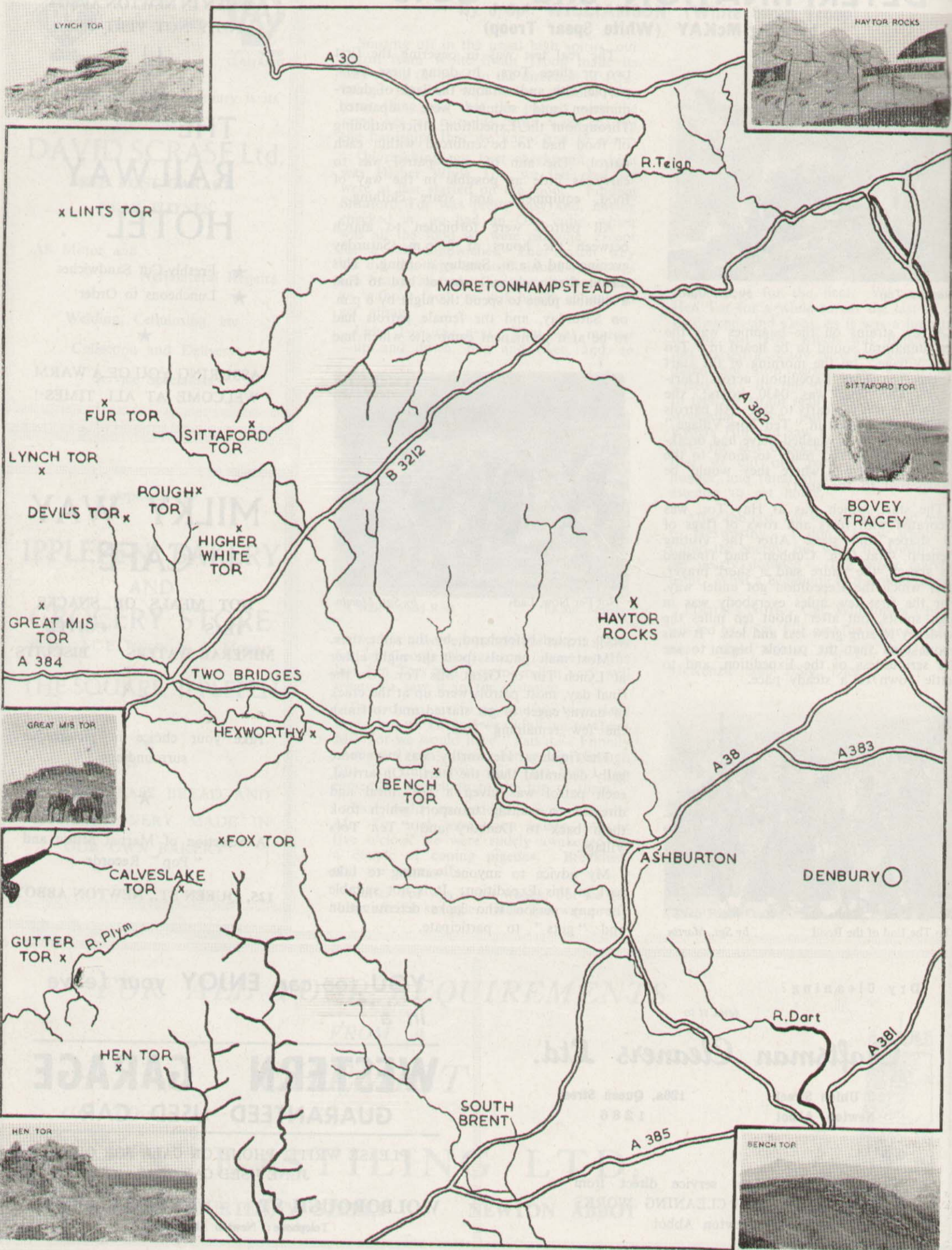
GUARANTEED USED CAR

PLEASE WRITE, PHONE OR CALL FOR OUR
JUNE USED CAR LIST

WOLBOROUGH ST. - NEWTON ABBOT

Telephone: Newton Abbot 2552

THE EXPEDITION



This Map has been specially prepared for the Junior Mercury by Capt. D. Fordham (R.A.E.C.)

TEN TORS ROUND-UP



Ten Tors Start

Reproduced by courtesy of the Mid-Devon Advertiser

PLAYING HOST

by J/Sig. McLAREN

Unfortunately, I was unable to go on Ten Tors; instead, I had to stay in camp. I was a guide. My job was to look after one of the civilian patrols while they were in camp.

Friday morning came, and the first thing I saw was the sun beating against one of the metal lockers. Out of bed and ready for work at 0700 hours wasn't bad, but I didn't do a thing until 1430—that's when my patrol arrived.

On their arrival I was told that the RAF cadets from South London were the lads I was to look after. Well, everyone knows what it is like to be placed in front of a body of people and told to look after them. But I was all right, they were decent blokes, and we soon got talking.

I showed them to their camp site, where I watched and helped them put up the tents;

then I left them for tea. At 7 p.m. I was back with them, escorting my new friends to the briefing. At the door of the gym I bade them goodnight and left.

Saturday morning came, and the first thing I saw at 0430 hours was the Orderly Sergeant. I crawled out of bed, then eventually collected my patrol so I could have them away by coach to the start of Ten Tors by 5.30 a.m. As for Saturday, I cleaned up the camp and settled down for a rest.

The next time I was needed was when my patrol returned. They reached the finish 38 minutes late so were not entitled to a medal of any kind. Fed up with being 38 minutes late, the last words the leader said to me were: "A bit more than we expected, but you will see us finish the next one."



Left—"A Proud Team receive their Certificate." by Sgt. Martin

Centre—"An L Walker."

Reproduced by courtesy of the South Devon Journal

Right—"The Colonel and Lord Roborough." by Sgt. Martin

SOME COMMENTS ON THE SUBJECT

"To even consider taking part in this event requires a lot of thought. You must be able to read a map and to use a compass; you must train beforehand, because you must be at the peak of fitness, and you must never under-estimate the Moor. Dartmoor is a grand place when the sun is shining and everything is fresh, but when the mist and the rain comes it is as bad as any place in the world. The Moor can seem friendly one moment and so hostile the next."—J/L/Cpl. CARTLAND, Kohima Troop.

"Now all the troops in the Regiment

had certain tasks to do for the preparation, and a number of them had to work on the Moor. I think the best job was done by Iron Troop, who by themselves built Ten Tors Village."—J/Sig. KYNASTON, W. Swan.

"After this the trumpeters sounded a fanfare and the flags were unfolded. Then the Padre said an appropriate prayer, which someone assured me had taken all week to write."—J/Sig. SULLIVAN, White Spear Troop

AND FINALLY . . .

"I hope I'm output before the next Ten Tors."—J/L/Cpl. ROBSON, Kohima Troop.

TEN TORS TALES

Advice on crossing a river: "Just shut your eyes and walk."

Heard at Control HQ, 0800 hours May 21st, 1961: "They're not lost; we just don't know where they are."

Solitary member of patrol, without map or compass: "The rest of my patrol is lost."

Reply by staff of Rescue HQ, accused of poaching fish: "We didn't catch 'em; we rescued 'em."

Scene: 0530 hours, May 21st, 1961; a small tent is pitched by a stream. Officer, waking one of the occupants: "Where are you from?"

Occupant: "Arborfield."

Officer, indicating the other inhabitant in the tent: "Is he in your patrol?"

Occupant: "No."

Officer: "Who is he?"

Occupant: "I don't know. We were both wandering around the Moor so we joined forces."

Confident patrol leader, explaining his map-reading system to an admiring audience: "It's easy, we just keep the sun on our left"?

AND . . .

"I'm surprised to see all those tents in that field; you see, it's my field."



Admiral Hoare presents the Medal to J/Sgt. Barratt by Sgt. Martin

ANY OLD IRON

Many and varied were the people who gave a helping hand to the hard-pressed organizers of the finishing point at Hexworthy. One such stalwart was Mr. Bill Webber, well-known to the boys of Alexander Squadron and to most others as well.

Mr. Webber, who had already fought a primus stove to a draw during the morning, decided that any fool can be uncomfortable and went in search of a camp bed for the night. Sgt. Maher had two and, handing Bill one of these, he also offered to assist in erecting it.

Referring to the legs of the thing, he said: "Go and unwrap it and take the iron bits out, and I'll come and put it together."

So Mr. Webber went, and took out the iron bits—every bit he could find. Sgt. Maher came, muttered something in Swahili, and spent a strained half-hour threading the parts together again.



Sgt. Graham and Sgt Batten in the Control Room by Sgt. Martin



ON EVERY OCCASION SAY IT
WITH FLOWERS
from your Interflora Florist for
World-Wide Delivery

★
R. B. WEBBER
& SON
6, WOLBOROUGH STREET
NEWTON ABBOT
Telephone 1126

BALLAD OF

*Well I recall that Saturday morn
When the call of trumpets shattered the air,
A myriad of faces yawning and sighing
Seeking the dawn while the night was still dying.*

*Overnight the village had mushroomed to life
And the hubbub of excitement filled the air.
"Like pigeons in a loft," the RSM said
Before he lost count and tottered to bed.*



*Lying north from the centre at Denbury Cross
Tor village is quiet, deserted and still,
But richer by far and grateful, at least,
For the ghosts of young tors and the crumbs of their
feast.*

*A contrast indeed from the evening before
In the crowded gymnasium throbbing with life,
They cheered each word and applauded each pause—
What matter the effect more important the cause?*

*Reception now over, we turn to review
How Rothwell of Ogwel and his merry crew
Weathered the storm from morning till night,
And took up the strain again at first light.*

*As the endless streams poured into his yard,
Each heard the voice of that Scottish bard
Grow sweeter, and fainter, and then become still
Till revived, the dawn found him on Haytor hill.*

*At Denbury a pilot had reced the start,
A military man anxiously consulted the stars,
A car moved swiftly south through the night—
All shared the same hope: fair weather, good flight.*

*The coaches unwound in a tapering line
With precision quite perfect and timing so fine,
The relief on his face there plain to be seen
John Lane watched the end of that vulnerable scene.*



Reproduced by courtesy of the South Devon Journal

*The flags arranged gaily, the trumpets in red
The same scarlet warriors that roused us from bed.
The priest in his cassock, bunting in streams,
The traffic, the cameras, the dawn of our dreams.*

*And so the appointment of many events:
The move, the assembly, the salute and prayer,
Each to his task and all in its place—
Try as one might they'll call it a race!*

*The Tors raise their faces, the Toreens smile
The sun claims the day in majestic style,
And out of the heavens enriched by its light
A whirring bird glitters and hovers in sight.*



Reproduced by courtesy of the South Devon Journal

*The suspended cabin discharges its load
On the cross marked for landing—by the moorland
hill road,
Alighting now briskly though in sore need of rest
Behold! the Queen's General who commands in
the west.*

*A thousand this year, five thousand for next
Good hunting, good fortune was the gist of his text;
Then the prayer and the anthem, the chaplain stands still
And the winds softly whisper: "So be thy will."*

*Now all in a hurry patrol captains stand
Map on the ground, compass in hand,
They talk, they chatter, they argue at best
To move on a bearing leaving fortune the rest.*

*Into the moors, every hill, every glen,
Toreens and Tors, brave girls, gallant men
Have faded from sight embarked to compete
With the weather, and time, the bog and the peat.*

*Swift as the rushing winds, smooth as the streams,
By pastures and meadows, in sunshine and beams,
Journeying 'cross Dartmoor's wild changing scene
Hexworthy bound, to Colin's green!*

*There he stood proudly at the entrance's gate
Alexander Squadron's leader is never late!
Balaclava set right, squadron toorie on top,
A salute, a greeting and one word of shop.*

LEARN TO DRIVE
with Skill and Confidence

NEWTON ABBOT
**MOTOR
TRAINING
CENTRE**

Member of the
Motor Schools Association

We have successfully trained
thousands to become really
roadworthy

15a, COURTENAY STREET
Telephone 1135

SERVICEMEN WILL RECEIVE SPECIAL
ATTENTION

TOP RECORD HITS!

WARDS

4 BANK STREET, NEWTON ABBOT
Telephone 74

All Makes and Types of Records in Stock

GRANGE RESTAURANT

SEA FRONT - BABBACOMBE DOWNS
Telephone : TORQUAY 87561

OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND

Fully Licensed. Dinners and parties specially arranged.
Also CONCERTS, DANCES, SOCIALS, etc.
CAR PARK. Coach Parking facilities

REASONABLE CHARGES

Daily and Sundays for Morning Coffee, Luncheons,
Teas, Suppers, etc., from 10 a.m.

DENBURY COMMON

by Lt. Col. L. H. M. GREGORY, M.B.E.

"We're through sir, by radio, to every tor—
Conditions are perfect, couldn't ask for more";
Some reflection, and then, this postscript was heard,
"By the way, General, breakfast is served."

Such was the setting at eight hundred hours,
Bustling with activity, provisioned with bars
For guests, and of whom best thanks to the crew
Of the RAC Regiment and their C.42.

Maps, charts and checks move to and fro
Plant's Palladium takes Ten Tors in tow,
Chandler works upwards, then down and around;
A flag for the lost, a pin for the found.



by Sgt. Martin

Back to the scene on the northern-most moor,
And the trek of young pilgrims towards every tor,
The pixies are stunned and flee in alarm
Plucked out of their fables, bereft of their charm.



by Sgt. Martin

Willmott and Osborne and Simmonds in turn,
Their wireless sets humming while the midnight oils
burn,
The ceaseless watch silent—goes on to the end,
Wonder of wonders "they're not round the bend."

The sum of the figures steadily grew
As tor after tor was conquered anew.
A left-handed man is better they say
If worked very hard and given less pay.

Away 'cross the field the devil's delight,
The pricker of blisters sharpens his sight;
But think as you wish and shout as you can
A cheer of affection for the medicine man.

Behind the red cross the pots start to boil,
The cooks to their labours of bubble and toil.
Ask Stacey, he knows, what matter the feet?
More important by far: all men must eat!

Pause here awhile up toories and cheer
Three times for our patrons, the gentle, the dear,
Lord Roborough and Lady, Lady Sayer, Sir Guy—
For them hoist the bunting and let the flags fly.

And messages too that thoughtfully pour forth
From the signaller-in-chief delayed in the north.
Had it been possible he'd've come for a while
But regretfully could not, wrote Sir Wallace Kyle.



Now a strange message, the radio speaks,
Three lost patrols on one of those peaks,
Call for an officer to observe their feet tender
And discuss current terms for conditional surrender.

All through the day and all through the night,
A thousand young hearts beat with their might,
The stress and the strain and the doubts of the best
Disappear forgotten, as patrols come to rest.

How many patrols from Haytor first started
How many now from their leaders have parted,
Three hundred withdrawn from the arduous race
Against time and the elements, the hills and the pace.

To digress for a moment and ponder a while
On the stout-hearted torens the girls with a smile
Who merrily, cheerily took Dartmoor apart—
Slept on its bosom and invaded its heart.

Every story has a moral, each moral a tale,
The girls pitched camp near Princetown jail.
Joyner is mum—torens won't thaw,
Did Beadon negotiate with the guardians of law?

Tel. 209

J. S. SHARLAND & SON

Family Butchers and Purveyors

BEST MEAT ONLY

★ Personal attention given ★

Regular deliveries to Urban and Rural Districts

12 QUEEN ST., NEWTON ABBOT

Personal Service, Friendly Atmosphere
at NEWTON ABBOT'S
MODERN FOOD STORE

Grocery and Provisions; Delicatessen
Fresh Fruit and Vegetables; Health
and Diabetic Foods; Smedley's
Frozen Foods; Pets' Foods and
Medicines; Health and Toilet Needs

SLADE & SONS

(Branch of Williamson and Treadgold Ltd., Bournemouth)

THE GROCERS of 5, BANK STREET
NEWTON ABBOT Phones 1827/8

Other Branches at Torquay, Chelston,
Ashburton and Bovey Tracey

For all that is good

go

CO-OPERATIVE SHOPPING

WITH THE
NEWTON ABBOT

★ Quality



Co-operative
SOCIETY LIMITED

Service ★

Throughout these proceedings, mark it now well,
The press played its part as Hartnett will tell,
But a two-worded phrase is all that he needs
To put down the seed—and pluck out the weeds.

The marine commando did not win the race
And the secretary's comment, here meets the case
That patrols coming home nearest the time
Most merit applause—both in reason and rhyme.

An idea the press prompted was received with delight,
Significantly appropriately, traditionally right,
That the adventurer's heart may claim from its store
The honours and freedom of **Bonny Dartmoor**.

The start and the finish in common now share
The excitement and splendour, the gaiety rare
Of welcoming home, patrols of all types—
Some to the skirl and thrill of bagpipes.

In endless succession, some limping, some lame
Patrol by patrol onward they came,
Juniors from Teignmouth, then the Marines
Bravo! Bravo! for Ashburton's torens.

The Air Force, the Navy, the Army the rest,
None were the worst nor neither the best.
The goodwill, the laughter, the spectacle gay,
Put the crown of success on a mem'able day.

Homeward by Rogers' efficient intent,
In relays of coaches without accident.
The goodness of heaven watched over the young—
Let the praises of providence ever be sung.

The night wore slowly, threatening frost,
Officials worked on to account for the lost.
Rothwell's reception once more came alive
Till the last half dozen turned up at O five.

On Whit Monday morning they assembled again
In the canvas courtyard, constructed by Lane.
With the help of the juniors, Beadon and Curley,
Who started out late but finished quite early.

Admiral Hoare arrived at six bells
To present the awards and say the farewells.
He congratulated all on a jolly good show:
"Do it thrice in the sun and then in the snow!"

Such were his thoughts received with a cheer
As he steered willing spirits into high gear.
Having sowed that seed, and had his say,
He waved, and he smiled and went on his way.

The Jamboree that followed—surprisingly true,
Turned out to be a jolly fine do,
An occasion appropriate for letting off steam
From the prelude provided by the Corps Display Team.

The Beating of Retreat was very good too,
The noises familiar, the manoeuvres new.
For the evening's gathering Sir Ralph took the chair
The choir sang **Begone**, to every dull care.

Messages from tors and torens and others,
By the rules of the club now sisters and brothers:
Thank Parker and Nye and the staff for their chores,
Patiently endured for the sake of ten tors.

The song must now end but the notes linger still,
And their echoes rebound from Hay Tor's hill,
Indestructible, enduring, your friend and mine,
Salute! Tors and Toreens—for Auld Lang Syne.



Reproduced by courtesy of the Mid-Devon Advertiser

POSTSCRIPT

Officers and NCOs too numerous to name
Each played his part in this annual game,
On picquets, at rescue, in camp and out,
In Denbrian tradition "never to shout."

To these gallant men great thanks are due
For the bulk of the labour—done by the few,
Yet asked if they'd rather be elsewhere and free
Faithfully answer, "No sir, not me!"

NAAFI 1921-1961

Forty Years of Service
to the Services



Credit Sales Soar

The phenomenal success of the instalment credit sales scheme introduced by Naafi in November, 1959, is telling proof of the extent to which it is appreciated by men and women of the Services. And no wonder. Highly favourable terms make it possible for them to buy from a vast range of household and personal goods without the need of ready cash. The scheme is open to all officers and other ranks over the age of 17½ years. Units and messes may



also take advantage of it. Dividend or discount is payable on the majority of items and the maximum credit charge is only a penny in the pound each month. Payments may be made weekly, fortnightly or monthly. There is no problem about postings; an agreement signed in the United Kingdom can be transferred to any Naafi shop anywhere. Ask your shop manager for details.

IMPERIAL COURT, KENNINGTON LANE, LONDON, S.E.11.

H.M. Forces' Official Trading Organisation

The Mid-Devon Stores Limited

(A Member of the Reeves Group)

for
IRONMONGERY
FURNITURE
CARPETS
RUGS
LINOLEUMS, etc.



Everything for the Home and Garden



62, QUEEN ST., NEWTON ABBOT
Telephone 53

Authorized Dealers for Calor Gas
and all Hoover Products

READERS' CORNER

We have pleasure in reproducing just a few of the many letters received in this Regiment following the 1961 Ten Tors.

PROUD TOREENS

MY DEAR COLONEL.—I would like to congratulate you and your staff on the splendid success of Ten Tors. The whole event was so well organized that it added greatly to the pleasure of those taking part as well as those, like me, who spectated!

My girls are full of zeal after their Expedition, and I must obviously start posting in people under 20 years of age to my staff so that we can send more teams next year.

The Duke of Edinburgh's Award girls, whom I nurse along, also thoroughly enjoyed the weekend. Those who fell out at the first Tor are determined to win through next year, and the Toreens are rather smug with their medals. It has stimulated everyone and caught the imagination.

I can guess what work was involved, and I assure you we appreciated all that was done by everyone to make it such an enjoyable time. I think my girls were most impressed by the fact that the boys had made up the beds for them! That is real hospitality.

With kind regards.—Yours, etc.,

LYN JOYNT.

Houndstone Camp, Yeovil, Somerset.

A GRAND GUIDE

DEAR SIR,—We, the "Operation Dartmoor" girls Ten Tors team, wish to thank you, your officers and men, who showed so much hospitality and kindness towards us during our stay at Denbury over the Ten Tors weekend. We also wish to thank our guide who assisted us at Base Camp, and helped to make the Expedition the enjoyable experience it was.—Yours, etc.,

HEATHER TARR.

Monks Road, Exeter.

WELL ORGANIZED

SIR,—I am writing to you on behalf of myself and my five colleagues of the Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry who took part recently in the Ten Tors Expedition.

The Expedition was, from our point of view, a great success, and we would all like to thank you and the Junior Leaders Regiment for the wonderful time we had with you. The organization, camping site, and food were excellent. Again we thank you, and hope that the Regiment will again enter for this competition.

Some of us would like to purchase the Ten Tors Tie, and I would be very pleased if you could let me know the cost.

Thank you again for this Expedition.—

Yours, etc.,

ROGER J. HOSKIN.

(Pte. Hoskin, R. J.)

Regimental Depot, S.C.L.I., Bodmin, Cornwall.

A MEMORABLE EXPEDITION

DEAR COL. GREGORY.—I am writing on behalf of the young members of "Operation Dartmoor" who took part in, and successfully completed, the Ten Tors Expedition at Whitsun. The twelve have asked me to convey to you and to your staff their sincere appreciation for the time and energy devoted by the Junior Leaders Regiment to the organization of this splendid project.

The "Operation Dartmoor" participants were impressed not only by the way in which the whole scheme had been organized, both on the Moor and at Denbury Camp, but also by the friendliness and general helpfulness of all concerned.

For my own part I should like to thank your Major Nye, with whom I have corresponded on several occasions. Nothing has been too much trouble to him, and he has always kept our organization fully up-to-date with Ten Tors news and planning details.

I should also like to thank you for permitting us to enter two boys who were under 16 for the senior course.

Ten Tors, 1961, will, I am sure, always be remembered by our participants (even if for varying reasons!), and I am confident that we shall be entering more teams in future competitions.—Yours, etc. (for Operation Dartmoor),

M. J. PASSMORE (Instructor).

Bagshot Avenue, Exeter.

The Commanding Officer has kindly allowed us to reprint the following letter:

To: The Officer Commanding,
Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal
Signals.

Subject: J/Sig. Hargreaves—Visit to Woodchurch S.M. School Careers Convention.

1.—I have received glowing reports from my staff about Hargreaves at this Convention. He was very well turned out, and his good manners and bearing attracted attention throughout the day. He answered many questions with admirable assurance and enthusiasm, and was the greatest help to us.

2.—Most unfortunately, I myself was away on a course and did not see him, but I have confidence in my staff, who all agreed that he was of the utmost use for such an occasion. I would like you and him to know how much we appreciated his attendance, and hope he enjoyed it.—Yours, etc.,

C. BOWEN (Lt.-Col.).

Army Recruiting Officer, Army Information Office, Chester.

KEEN SPORTSMAN

DEAR SIR.—Thank you for forwarding to me copies of the 'Junior Mercury' during the past twelve months.

Being mainly interested in the Regiment's sport—rugby in particular—I should like to carry on receiving the paper for a further year. I enclose a postal order which I hope will be sufficient for you to send a copy to me each month.

I see from the sports page that the Regimental XV. have once again got into the Junior Cup Final. This makes me particularly happy, as I myself was a member of the previous year's team which won 8-3 at Newton Abbot. The outcome of the replay will, I hope, be in Signals' favour, which should also give "Mr. Hill" his second winner's medal.

Although it is a full year since I left the Regiment, I can still hear the words of our Welsh captain, Jones, saying: "That's my shirt, man."

For my part I can really say I miss the Regiment for its good, keen, sporting life; and a spirit of keenness like Denbury has is very hard to find anywhere else.—Yours, etc.,

M. M. COOPE (Cpl.).

28 Signal Regiment.

NO MORE PARENT DAYS

The following letter received by the Commanding Officer is one of many:

DEAR COL. GREGORY.—Thank you for my son's final report. I feel that very good work has gone into his training, and I am deeply grateful to all concerned.

My only regret is that I am no longer in a position to attend Parents Days at Denbury. I shall always look back with pleasure to these occasions.

Thank you once again for all that has been done for my son in Boy Service.—Yours, etc.,

A. SAMBROOK (Mrs.).

Sanderstead.

PRAISE FROM THE R.A.F.

SIR,—I was lucky enough to obtain a copy of your magazine from one of your lads in Totnes last Saturday, and this evening I settled down to read it. I really must congratulate you on an excellent paper. It was very interesting from all viewpoints, and it told me a lot about your school that I didn't know—and I live in Totnes!

I look forward to the coming numbers of your magazine.—Yours, etc.,

ROBERT W. WALLIS (Cpl.).

RAF, Boscombe Down.

TRADESMEN FOR THE CORPS

DEAR SIR,—I submit my entry to your competition (EDITOR'S NOTE: Unfortunately not a prizewinning entry).

The magazine was, and is always, posted on the wall of our trade classroom. The ties between your unit and ours are very apparent, in that we both produce tradesmen to our parent Corps, the Royal Corps of Signals, and the 'Junior Mercury' brings us all the news from Denbury.—Yours, etc.,

HARRY COOKE (A/T L/Cpl.).

'A' Company, Army Apprentice School, Harrogate, Yorkshire.

SALES DEPARTMENT

Since its inception in June, 1959, the sales of the 'Junior Mercury' have been gradually rising. Occasionally there have been setbacks, but the general picture has been one of progress. The monthly totals for the first 22 months have been as follows:

1959

June	750
July	738
August	744
September	748
October	929
November	915
December	1,151

1960

January	1,388
February	1,187
March	1,207
April	1,151
May	1,304
June	2,419
July	2,408
August	2,662
September	2,903
October	3,025
November	3,139
December	3,211

1961

January	3,450
February	3,497
March	3,506
April	3,528

★

This gradual rise is one we are proud of.

Now, the obvious question is—where do these copies go?

We try to give you the answer in May, 1961, with the following detailed analysis:

May, 1961

Total printed	3,600
Alexander Squadron	173
Slim Squadron	182
Junior Wing	101
Senior Wing	25
Officers and Sergeants Messes	102
Devon Sales	2,445
Individual Postal Sales	208
Quantative Postal Sales	101
Miscellaneous	124
Total Sales	3,461
Complimentary Copies	116
GRAND TOTAL	3,577

- All material in this Journal is copyright of "Junior Mercury" unless otherwise stated, but may be reproduced with the written permission of the Editor.
- The views expressed herein are not necessarily official War Office or Army policy.
- All communications should be addressed to The Editor, "Junior Mercury," Denbury Camp, Nr. Newton Abbot, Devon.

COMPETITION

DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT

The 'Junior Mercury' April competition was concerned with television, and posed certain clues about popular programmes. The competition was won by Miss Lesley Bound, daughter of Alexander Squadron's Commander, and for her prize she will receive a record entitled "Little Serenade"/"Scratch Scratch," recorded by the Johnson Bothers. The correct answers were: 1.—Bill Cotton, Junr. 2.—Vera Lynn. 3.—The Barnstable Family 4.—David Attenborough

RADIO SCRIPT WRITER

In these days of large-scale advertising, both Radio Luxembourg and the Independent Television network have become part of our daily lives. For this month we

offer prizes of books and records to the best two entries received in a script-writing competition.

Imagine that you are employed by any one of the following firms:

- QUOOZE. Makers of soft drinks and cordials.
- BITEMARD. A dog biscuit manufacturing company.
- SPITRITE. A company producing boot and shoe polish.

Your firm has paid out some fabulous sum of money for two minutes of radio advertising space. All you have to do is write the script for this.

Entries, not to exceed 200 words, and answers to be received by the Editor, 'Junior Mercury,' Denbury Camp, Newton Abbot, Devon, before June 30th, 1961.

CIVILIAN SPOTLIGHT

This month we have a very interesting personality, and we are grateful to the compiler of the Staff Scrapbook in foregoing all his allotted space so that we can spotlight in full our personality:

Mr. C. E. ATHERTON (The Bursar's Clerk) Born 1903. Admitted an English Solicitor in 1928. After a short time in Cornwall, went out to Ndola, in the Northern Rhodesian Copper Belt, at that time little more than a village, with a mile-long street, with tin-roofed wooden shops and a few houses of two storeys scattered along its length. First home was in the Bush, with leopards calling to one another at night from 10-foot ant-hills around the house.

Later moved to Broken Hill, where, in his own practice as solicitor and barrister, he defended more than 11 murder cases, many of them directly concerned with witchcraft, which was then firmly believed in by the natives.

He joined the Northern Rhodesian Defence Force (his number being 56), later enlisted in the Kenya Regiment, and after three years in Royal Signals in Cyphers (Operator and Cypher Production) at H.Q., Mathaiga, Kenya, was commissioned into OETU.

Posted to Mogadisher (formerly Italian Somaliland), and after a spell as a District Officer in the "wilds," he was transferred to the legal side of HQ. As Resident Magistrate, Mogadisher, he tried all the cases arising out of the riots there. He assisted the Chief Legal Officer, ME Command, in the UNO inquiry into its causes, and was then transferred to Tripoli as President of the British Military Courts, Tripolitania, in time to try all the cases in connection with the riots there.

Sitting with Mr. Justice Hall and the Army Legal Adviser, an English Superintendent of Police was found not guilty of murdering his wife.

On the transfer of Government to Libya in 1952, he remained a year as Deputy Legal Adviser, drafting a large amount of the new country's legislation and advising the various Government departments.

On conclusion, he returned to England and, after a spell in London, came down to Devon, which, after two years, he is convinced is the most pleasant place he has found to date.

Commissioned DCLI (TA) 1928; NRDF 1938. Enlisted 1941; commissioned 1944; relinquished commission December, 1948, with rank of Major.

WATNEYS ALES and STOUTS

Main Distributors:

VINNICOMBES TORQUAY - TEIGNMOUTH

LET US HELP TO MODERNIZE YOUR HOME

Visit our showrooms and see our selection of

Refrigerators: Electrolux, Lec, Morphy Richards

Sink Units: Ideal, Leisure, Paul. Also choice selection of Tiled Surrounds

★

GARTRELL & CO., LTD.

51, WOLBOROUGH STREET
NEWTON ABBOT

Tel. Newton Abbot 1893/4

BASKETBALL

BEATEN WITH HONOUR

Despite the fact that the John Webber Cup draw came during the Easter leave period, the Staff basketball team decided to honour their commitments. A team of volunteers, consisting of WO II. Wheatley, Sgts. Hammond, Nichols, Sgts. Angell, Creek, Jamieson, and Meekings sallied forth to Exeter to do battle for this trophy.

In the first round we were given a bye, but our second-round match was against Exeter Basketball 'B' team; a strong opponent, as they were strengthened by several first-team players.

The game started at a terrific pace, and by halftime we were four points up, the main scorer having been Sgt. Creek. In the second half, WO II. Wheatley and Sgt. Jamieson were rested, and Sgt. Meekings moved up into the forwards. Gradually

Exeter tired—or were they sickened by Sgt. Angell's successful shooting from the half-way line?—and Denbury pulled ahead to win by 36-23.

The semi-final was a walk-over, and the team watched anxiously as Exeter "A" team defeated St. Luke's College all too easily.

Then came the final. By halftime Exeter had a convincing 30-point lead. Sgt. Creek took himself off and watched as Signals slowly started to hold their own, Sgt. Jamieson showing particular brilliance (or was it sheer luck?) with his shooting. The game ended in a burst of scoring from both sides, with WO II. Wheatley particularly successful. Signals had lost the final 61-41, but it was to the better team, and our Staff team had played well above themselves in the process.

J/SIG. GAULD

J/Sig. Gauld is proficient at a sport not normally played by Junior Leaders. He is a very keen golfer. Born in Edinburgh, he wasted the early years of his life but, learning to play golf at the age of seven, he won his first championship when he was 12.

Since then he has competed regularly in boys' championships, and reached the fourth round in the British Boys' and in the Scottish Boys' Championships. Last year he won his club championship.

Since joining the Army he can't get in as much practice as he would like, but last month he went up to Budleigh Salterton to win the Army South-Western District Championship. Out of over 50 entrants he was the lowest rank, and told our reporter that the majority of the competitors were officers.

After completing his Army service he hopes to become a professional golfer.



by Sgt. Martin

2/LT. J. R. PLUMMER

Those who attended the Nijmegen Marches may well have been surprised at the fitness of 2/Lt. Plummer. Now his secret is revealed. In 1956-57 he represented Caernarvon county team for track walking. A keen all-round sportsman, he seems to have dabbled in everything. In athletics he prefers the middle-distance 440 yards and 880 yards events, but said that whilst at Mons he ran in their cross-country team. Asked about boxing, he confessed: "I have been beaten more times than I have won."

Himself a good rugby threequarter, it is as a team manager that he will long be remembered in this Regiment. The cup-winning 1960-61 Rugby XV. all join the 'Junior Mercury' in thanking Mr. Plummer for his great enthusiasm, and in freely confessing that, without his energy and drive, the cup might well have been elsewhere.



by Sgt. Martin

WE BETTER SERVE OURSELVES
BY SERVING OTHERS BEST

FARMER'S

SHOE RESTORE SERVICE

BARNHILL ROAD
KINGSKERSWELL

Telephone 3031

FOR A GOOD JOB
AT A JUST PRICE



Local Agents for J. White Footwear,
C. Lord Carpets

Devon Cleaners

Good Quality Toilet Rolls, 72/- gross



Personal Supervision

SEE our Fine Selection

OF

CLOCKS and WATCHES

By all well-known makers



HAM & HUDDY

AT

GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITH

4, WOLBOROUGH STREET

NEWTON ABBOT

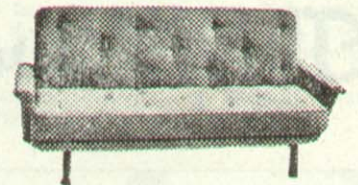
Telephone 381



for comfort and value

THE 614 COUCH

An attractive new Vono couch in the modern idiom. Well sprung seat and back rest becoming luxurious mattresses when the couch is converted to single beds, or, if preferred, a double bed.



Come and see our Range

TAPPERS

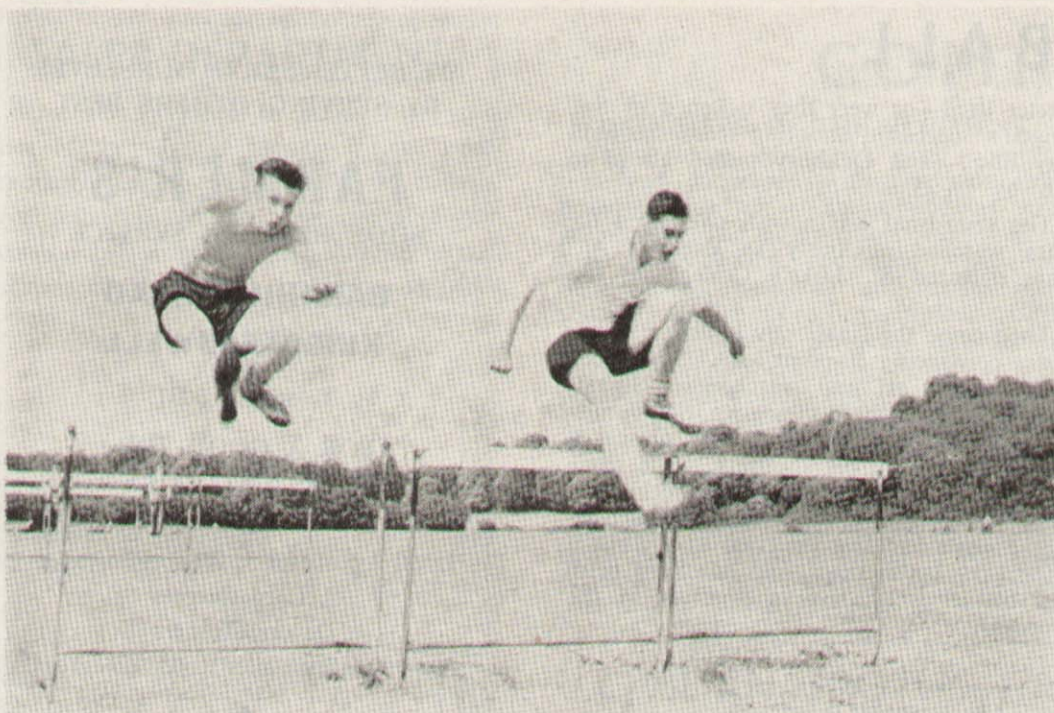
VONO STOCKISTS

8-12, WOLBOROUGH STREET, NEWTON ABBOT

Tel. 2021/22

ATHLETICS

23rd MAY, 1961



Hurdlers in Action

by Sgt. Martin

CRICKET

CRICKET PROSPECTS

by Lt. D. WHITEHEAD (R. Signals)

The selection of this year's cricket team will prove as difficult as last year's was easy. There remains only Palmer, Hill, and White who were members of last year's highly successful team. Palmer, an accomplished batsman, has been appointed captain, and on his shoulders much of the team's success will depend. Hill, who had a rather lean season last year with the bat, has the ability to score a lot of runs if he would concentrate; in addition, he has taken over the duty of wicket-keeper. White, now in his third season, could take a lot of wickets if he would keep the ball up to the bat.

New talent is rather thin. Dixon, Baltherwick, and Stanger will gain promotion from last season's 2nd XI., and although not outstanding batsmen, they should make a few useful scores. Bourgoise, who has a good eye and a powerful build, should be a great success now he has given up athletics in favour of cricket.

Of the younger boys, Wicks and Chisholm look promising with the ball, as do Barnard and Hunt with the bat.

Though on paper the team does not look strong, it is young yet, and if enthusiasm is anything to go by we can look forward to some fine cricket.

ENCOURAGING START

The first ball of the new season ended in disaster—J/Sig. Stanger was out for a "duck." J/Sig. Hunt was then joined by J/L/Cpl. Palmer, the team captain, who was next out with the score at 51. Palmer played a real captain's innings to score 40 runs himself (including four 4's and a six). Next in was J/Sig. Hill, who rapidly overtook his partner, to be finally out for 35. The score then was 101 for three, with Hunt having scored 25. Next came J/Sig. Barnard, but he only added four. At the fall of Barnard's wicket, with the score at 107 for four, the Signals declared, with Hunt still undefeated.

J/Sig. White opened the bowling, and in his first over clean bowled the Wessex Bandboys' opening batsmen with a ball which uprooted the middle stump. J/Sig. Chisholm also bowled very well to end up with two wickets for seven runs. If these two bowlers keep up their fine performance we shall have a formidable attack this season. With the opponents' score at 18 for three, rain stopped play.

100 Yards (Regimental record, 10.7secs.; holder, Boy Miller, 1952). Youths—1, Gourley (D), 11.3secs.; 2, Reed (J), 11.3; 3, Moore (B), 11.7. Junior—1, White (L) 11.5; 2, Robertson (J), 11.5; 3, Booker (J), 11.7.

220 Yards (Regimental record, 24.2secs.; holder, Boy Owen, 1954). Youths—1, Gourley (D), 25.5secs.; 2, Read (J), 25.8; 3, Morrill (L), 26.7. Junior—1, Robertson (J), 25.9; 2, Sullivan (J), 26.3; 3, Booker (J), 26.8.

440 Yards (Regimental record, 55.6secs.; holder, Boy Pittock, 1955). Youths—1, Read (A), 59.0secs.; 2, Stephens (L), 61.0; 3, Watts (F), 63.8. Junior—1, Sullivan (J), 56.8; 2, Lee (L), 60.0; 3, White (L), 65.1.

880 Yards (Regimental record, 2mins. 9.4secs.; holder, J/L/Cpl. Jacobs, 1960). Youths—1, Stephens (L), 2mins. 20.2secs.; 2, Kemp (A), 2.21.1; 3, Gibb (L), 2.21.1. Juniors—1, Stallard (L), 2.21.3; 2, Scaife (J), 2.27.0; 3, Fill (K), 2.29.7.

One Mile (Regimental record, 4mins. 52.1secs.; holder, J/L/Cpl. Garrehy, 1960). Youths—1, Gibb (L), 5mins. 11.6secs.; 2, Young (H), 5.14.0; 3, Gray (A), 5.15.2. Juniors—1, McKay (J), 5.21.6; 2, Stallard (L), 5.27.5; 3, Jones (F), 5.32.5.

Three Miles (Regimental record, 16mins. 55.2secs.; holder, J/Sig. McKay, 1960). 1, McKay (J), 17mins. 9.6secs.; 2, Young (H), 17.47.0; 3, Wooley (K), 18.5.0.

110 Yards Hurdles (Regimental record, 16.4secs.; holder, J/Cpl. Viner, 1960). 1, Moore (B), 17.9secs.; 2, Sullivan (J), 18.2; 3, Booker (J), 18.2.

High Jump (Regimental record, 5' 3"; holder, J/Sig. Cox, 1958). Youths—1, Moore (B), 5' 0"; 2, Smith (166) (G), 4' 9"; 3, Manning (M), 4' 7". Juniors—1, Mason (A), 5' 2"; 2, Collison (M), 4' 8"; 3, Willoughby (J), 4' 8".

Long Jump (Regimental record, 20' 8"; holder, Boy Miller, 1953). Youths—1, McKenzie (K), 17' 2½"; 2, Isherwood (L), 16' 10"; 3, Dean (G), 16' 0". Juniors—1, Capon (J), 16' 11½"; 2, Jerram (J), 16' 10½"; 3, Wedgbury (B), 15' 0½".

Triple Jump (Regimental record, 40' 7"; holder, J/Cpl. Jones, 1959). Youths—1, Chisholm (H), 36' 5"; 2, McKenzie (K), 35' 9"; 3, Langstaff (D), 34' 8". Juniors—1, Booker (J), 38' 5"; 2, Mason (A), 34' 9½"; 3, Jerram (J), 34' 8".

Discus (Regimental record, 142' 2"). Youths—1, Kemp (A), 113' 10"; 2, Chisholm (H), 108' 10"; 3, Stubbings (G), 106' 8". Juniors—1, Lyons (F), 93' 8"; 2, White (L), 72' 8"; 3, Farmer (J), 70' 3".

Shot (Regimental record, 46' 4"; holder, J/Sig. Beere, 1960). Youths—1, Sharman (B), 43' 3"; 2, Hill (J), 33' 9"; 3, Greenwood (B), 32' 7". Juniors—1, Bagnall (F), 34' 3"; 2, Harber (F), 31' 3"; 3, Haslam (L), 30' 1".

Javelin (Regimental record, 143' 9½"; holder, J/Sig. Walker, 1959). Youths—1, Dean (G), 111' 1"; 2, Chisholm (H), 111' 0"; 3, Powell (M), 110' 10". Juniors—1, Wheatley (A), 101' 4"; 2, Donaldson (H), 93' 0"; 3, Parkinson (F), 92' 7".

Pole Vault (Regimental record, 8' 6"; holder, J/Cpl. Mills, 1959). 1, Hyde (A), 6' 6"; 2, Martin (D), 6' 4"; 3, Wooler (F), 6' 1".

The Tower Cycles Ltd. (opposite Odeon Cinema)

Telephone: NEWTON ABBOT 42



MOPEDS



BICYCLES



SCOOTERS



All the best makes to choose from — the largest variety in town:

RALEIGH	HUMBER	DAWES	HERCULES	B.S.A.	NEW HUDSON
RUDGE	TRIUMPH	PHILLIPS	DAYTON	SUN	ROYAL ENFIELD

CYCLES from £14 5s. CASH or EASY TERMS—10s. Deposit

Immediate Delivery

Your Cycle in Part Exchange

Full After Sales Service

Repairs and Accessories